

From the Aldine for September.

THE BOHOLIN.

Once on a golden after noon,
With radiant faces and hearts in tune,
The fond were in a smiling mood,
The sun a royal a little.
Wholly happy they only knew
That the earth was bright and the sky was blue
Till light and the joy of the song
Came to them as they lay down.
The air was fragrant with woodland scents—
The sun red fringed on the roadside fence—
And hovering near them, "Cheerche chink!"

Queried the curious Boholin.
Paus'd a moment, then with smiling head,
As neatly as a shining all they said;
While the eye dazed on its slender stem—
All glad nature rejoiced with them.

Over the odorous fields were strewn
Wilt' whisps of grass new mown,
And rose bowls of clover bloom—
Sung in the sunshin and breathed per-

ious.
Swing'd on a slender limb,
The rose warbled his wedding hymn,
Along a blackberry briar,
The boholin sung with his heart afire—
Oh! if you want to know her, do!

Do I do?—"Yes, indeed, you will see
Kiss her, kiss her, Who will see?
Only we three us three us three!"

Under garlands of drooping vines,
Through the vales of sweet-breathed pines,
Past wide sun-flowers, lately sown,
Wandered the infant contum' road,
The leaves to the green hillside still.

And, toiling so lowly as lovers will,
Entered a groves where bridle bay,

Under a sun that shone like a dream,
Silent, yet so gay in a glow—

Sung by green birds thus which sing'd,
Their v'nes canary overhead—
The stream so narrow, the boughs so wide,
They're an infant, and the tide—

Aid it howe'er, as seems to keep
Patient watch o' let aye,

Mirroring clearly the trees and sky,
And the setting sun that doth stand—

So gay, so gay, so gay, so play'd

In and out in the sun and shade,
And danc'd a danc' circling in my glee,

Dipped and dipp'd in clear, dark face,

Fluttering lightly from brak to brak,

To lured our boholin,

Rallying loudly wi' in mirthful din,

The air wi' a dring-dring, a wind,

And, toiling so lowly as lovers will,

Entered a groves where bridle bay,

K'ning th' th'ren of his argument—

"Kiss her, kiss her, Who will see?

"All around from this tall birch-tree?"

Bust's th' noted, nor doon'd i' strange—

Is he looking a trifling change—

"Do I do?—"Do I do?" with a smile—

Watch'd the tall-tale—"Do I again?"

I can see

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